



# THE INNIS HERALD

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### THE INNIS HERALD

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Innis College  
2 Sussed Ave, Room 107  
Toronto, ON M5S 1J5

[innis.herald@utoronto.ca](mailto:innis.herald@utoronto.ca)

Founded in 1965, the Innis Herald is Innis College's monthly newspaper. We strive to provide sophisticated, substantial, and unconventional discussion of college, campus and citywide issues. By virtue of the college's programs and population, there is a particular focus on the arts, culture and writing.

Our mandate is to encourage critical thought and participation within our readership and in the wider University of Toronto campus and community. The Herald is a place for discussion of ideas, opinions and thoughts that are usually not emphasized in other student newspapers or on campus.

Thanks to all the editors, contributors, artists, and readers of the Innis Herald. We would also like to thank the Innis College Student Society for their support.

We welcome any criticisms, comments, and submissions from University of Toronto students and community members.

If you are interested in writing regularly for the Herald, or in submitting art, please email us or stop by our office hours every Monday from 4 to 6, Wednesday from 1 to 2, and Friday from 3 to 5.

We reserve the right not to publish submitted material.

Visit our comic-artist website: [calmdott.com](http://calmdott.com)

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Margaux BARALON  
Marco BORRELLI  
Abdel Rahman NEGM  
Nick GERGESHA  
Silas Merrymount PEPPERCORN  
UT SIFE

### FEATURED ARTISTS

*Art* Asma Masri (front & back cover, page 3)

*Photography* Mauricio CONTRERAS- PAREDES  
(Pages 6 to 10)

*Comics* Pierce DESROCHERS-O'SULLIVAN  
Luke KUPLOWSKY





Art | Asma MASRI

## White People Problems | By Juan LLAMAS RODRIGUEZ & Karam EL MASRI

IT'S A SIGN OF MY RECREATIONAL READING HABITS that last summer I stopped what was my fifth attempt at reading *The Kite Runner* to read instead Emma McLaughlin and Nicola Kraus' sequel to their best-selling novel *The Nanny Diaries*. The first recounts the tragic boyhood story of two friends in Afghanistan while the second follows the obstacles faced by a thirty-something girl who just landed a \$10,000-retainer job at a prestigious New York private high school. I believe this latter scenario is an instance of what has come to be known as first-world problems, or white people problems given how often the protagonists are middle- to upper-class white people. The popular Internet meme sounds like it's a rather obvious assessment of the difference between the issues faced by the privileged and underprivileged parts of the population, but it has gained traction as a simple way of acknowledging the relative inconsequence that some of our day-to-day afflictions have in the grand scheme of things.

A macro example of this trend occurred the week of January 24. The web was buzzing with the announcement of the nominations for the Academy Awards on Tuesday. There were the obligatory commentaries on unexpected nominees, snubs and possible winners. I, like many others, was ready to join the conversation and state my opinions on what is considered the most prestigious award in Hollywood. Naysayers are always quick to point out that the awards are inconsequential, that great films stand the pass of time regardless and that the Oscars are all about the politics and not about the talent. While some of these assertions might be true, the fact that the Oscars are inconsequential is disputable.

The awards, much like their sports-side counterpart the Superbowl, are a mega event with deep economic and social impact. Millions of dollars go into putting together

each event. Millions more are invested in promotional materials, in product placement, in getting the coveted airtime during commercial breaks. On top of that there's the unofficial and underground investments surrounding the events, like parties and betting pools. Then there are the social and cultural impacts. Thousands of manpower hours are put into creating the events and writing about them. Think of all the hours spent in morning-after conversations about who won the game or who took home the Best Picture prize.

Since people find the need to discount them, to say that the Oscars don't really matter is in itself a way of pointing out their relevance. But this isn't to say that you should really care that much.

Going back to the week of the nominations announcement, the topic had barely finished its news cycle when 48 hours later it was discovered that the government of Egypt had cut off most of the access to the Internet for its citizens. Debating the merits of Christian Bale's performance pales in comparison with having your contact with the world - and your freedom of expression - limited in such a fast and drastic way. So it goes back to the idea of white people problems. It's hard to think that anyone outside of the Western world will really care what the results are at the Oscars. It's hard to think that many outside of North America will know when - or even what - the Superbowl is. These are mega events that only those who can take basic liberties and needs for granted can sit down and enjoy on their plasma TV with a beer in one hand and a tub of extra-butter popcorn in the other. I think it helps to put that into perspective when *The King's Speech* sweeps the awards and the urge to rant frantically kicks in.

# CAIRO ON THE STREETS: A Student's Experience of the Current State of Egypt | *By Abdel Rahman NEGM*

IN THE PAST FEW DAYS, I've been through things that most people would probably only see in the movies. Yet, as I sit here staring at the cursor, I'm not exactly sure what I should say. What Egyptians have seen, heard, and experienced is so complex that the presentation of the full and undisclosed facts is not enough, in this case, to perfectly portray the complete picture for the rest of the world.

In the days leading up to the protest, much like the protest itself, the movement seemed to gain an insane amount of momentum. It's not certain why people finally decided to break the fear-barrier, but they did, and we can all say that the events in Tunisia involving a single merchant is what 'ignited the flame'. For those of you unaware of said event, Tunisia had an excessively brutal police force and an astonishingly censored media-system, even more than their Egyptian counterparts. A merchant's cart of fruit, a cart that the entirety of his existence depended on, was taken away by the government due to the absence of a proper "sales license". After barely making ends meet, he was now put in a situation where he literally had nothing: no food, no money, and no job. Consequently, his despair reached new heights, causing him to walk up to Tunis' Parliament and literally set himself on fire, a move that will echo through the strings of time; a move that ignited the metaphorical fires within hearts of Arabs worldwide. This catalyst for change began spreading across the region through Algeria, Yemen, Egypt, Lebanon, and a few other countries.

This is when the infamous Facebook groups and events began to appear in which Egyptians began calling on their brothers for change and reform. And so the date was set: January 25th, ironically, a holiday celebrating the Egyptian police force. State media and prime ministers began decrying the movement, saying that people "were making a big deal out of nothing". What's funny is that conversations with people, anyone from random strangers to close friends, indicated that the majority of people believed that no more than a couple hundred people would show up on the 25th.

From January 25 to 28, each day was a bigger shock than the one preceding it, with the 25th and 28th being the most shocking. To everyone's surprise nearly 100,000 Egyptians nationwide appeared to express their discontent with the current regime. Dying to join the movement but obligated to stay home, all I could do is watch Al-Jazeera for live coverage. Police had orders not to harm a single protester, but these orders changed as time passed. The relentlessness of the protesters caused police personnel across the entire country to work for more than 72 hours non-stop in an attempt to prevent mass riots. By Friday, you can imagine the mental state these men were in, and this was all only compounded by the fact that they received orders from Haheeb el Adly, the Minister of the Interior (the man responsible for all security within the nation) to use force on Friday morning in an attempt to re-instill fear and break up the riots. Moreover, we woke up that morning only to find that we were all "unplugged" with no cellphone or Internet coverage anywhere in the country. (That had to be one of the strangest feelings of all, where there was no way to contact anyone anywhere unless they were at home, and there was no way of following anything online. You have no idea how much our generation depends on the Internet).

Obviously this was one big disaster waiting to happen, and all of these factors that can be attributed to the shocking footage everyone has seen around the world of the battles that would ensue between the police and the protesters. Finally, after hours of confrontation, the police force was withdrawn and the army was dispatched. What's ridiculous is that the Army was dispatched 2 hours or so after the police was withdrawn. There was a moment in time where every street in Egypt literally had no security forces. This truly was a criminal's dream come true. I heard loud chants and even louder sounds

of destruction down the street and this was followed by images of people running away from that direction. I yelled down to a random guy asking him what was going on and he replied that thugs and thieves finally decided to show their faces since the protests began, and decided they'd show their support by destroying random people's cars and stores.

Saturday the 29th was particularly notable because people like Haheeb el Adly still pretended like nothing was going on yet I was greeted with what I can now say was the scariest moment in my life, a moment where I literally believed that I was going to die. Sitting in my living room I hear a call from the street "All able-bodied men are to come down to the streets NOW". Looking down from my balcony along with the rest of the neighborhood, we could see a 'platoon' of vigilantes as mobilizing in the streets. There was no police force, there wasn't an Army. What you saw on TV did not fully elaborate on the situation. The Army was only dispatched towards certain locations and people in the majority of places were left to defend their territory themselves. So with my honor on the line I went down to see what was going on. After finally understanding the full scope of the situation and finding myself unarmed, I asked one of the guys for a weapon of some sort - after which I was handed a butcher's knife.

The fear on Saturday was unbelievable. Everyone was in the streets until 8 AM Sunday morning. People boarded up their shop windows and everything closed down (including gas stations). We had more than ten checkpoints set up in a single street asking drivers where they were going and what they were doing out. We had created our own system of security. A guy with walkie-talkies handed them out all over our neighborhood so that if someone was searched, the other nine checkpoints would be notified so that they would let him go (or if some guy was giving him attitude, he would tell the other checkpoint to strip-search him). Every hour or so people would scream out "IS7AAAA" or Wake Up to keep everyone alert. Then, we began implementing shifts so that we can have people watching the streets round the clock. Then came the rumors. Rumors that ambulances, police cars, police uniforms, military uniforms and automatic weapons were stolen and on the streets (although this did happen, we never had to confront a crook in disguise). We had off-duty officers explain to us that our best chance against a minibus full of criminals were Molotov cocktails. I now know how to make a proper Molotov cocktail.

These past four days had their ups and downs, with the downs being the moments where death was at arms length, but we were well equipped (shotguns, swords, knives, machetes and an assortment of pistols). I have to say, nothing was more relieving and disappointing as when the first tanks drove into our street, slowed down at the end, and then kept on going.

Our neighborhood caught more than ten criminals, and, for the first time in my life, not only was I proud to be Egyptian, but I now know that there is no nation like Egypt on Earth. Spending around twelve hours a day in the street, we got to know all of our neighbors. Moms and wives sent down food and drinks to the people around the clock. We kept close to fires we built when the weather got extra cold. Never have I seen unity in my entire life like that which I have seen in the past nine days or so. Never have I seen an entire nation stand up and defend itself in the absence of security. After three decades of hardship, I can definitely say the people are now closer than ever.

Other than the fact that the ignorant protesters still remain in Tahrir with no clear objective in the distant future except that they want Hosni to leave now, this has to be one of the most powerful movements history has ever seen. We accomplished in four days what Tunis has accomplished in one month. There is hope yet.

I am Egyptian and I love my country.



## The "Little Fugitives" of Broken Bricks | *By Vincent HO*

MEETING UP WITH LUKE KUPLOWSKY, a film programmer doubling duties for CINSSU's Free Friday Films and the Bloor Cinema, it is chance that the time could be arranged to discuss the EP release of 'Little Fugitives' for his band Broken Bricks. Even as we both arrive somewhat surprised, only so much can be said and done when all is laid in the music. Being the primary handler for keyboard and vocalist duties, Luke makes half the original nuclei of Broken Bricks with his juggling of harmonica, synths and piano. Having started Broken Bricks with long-time friend and schoolmate Marlon Chaplin, their meeting was a coincidental event that would take them to 'Little Fugitives'. Designated as the vocalist and guitarist, Marlon plays his role well with his stage presence and impressive abilities on guitar. While it could be observed that Marlon is the one everyone keeps their eye on during shows, both are crucial for making up the core of Broken Bricks with their dual oversight of lyrical and musical directions for the group.

Since the release of the new EP, Broken Bricks have grown to become a four-piece entourage since the addition of Matthew Duncan on percussive duties and Joey Clement handling bass and supporting vocals. With 'Little Fugitives' slated for release February 11th 2011, Luke comes both confident and clean with the simple observation that his band is gaining momentum in their cumulative trajectory into the Toronto indie limelight. Designated as the first official release, (preceded only by the demo-LP of 'Pasquale' in 09'), 'Little Fugitives' is a six-track effort designed to present a current portrait of Broken Bricks as they intended to be heard and witnessed. Culled from over fifty hours of recordings, the EP is remarkably solid for a band just working toward some official marker or inking of a discography.

As if channeling a what-if contemporaneous of New Wave's cross-pollination with glam, Marlon Chaplin sings with a disarmingly boyish voice, high and fervent, to charm with catchy melodies that are both alluring to listener and entertainingly expressive. Gunning from the get-go with 'Little Fugitives', Luke Kuplowsky and Marlon Chaplin take on the pressing issues of the youth with lyrics of mischievous schemes born from journeys both internal and immediate to their surroundings. With poetic inflections of the grandiose (likely from Luke's influences of classic literature and poetry) even life's simplicities find

intriguing suppositions of the imaginary. The everyday thrills of Saturday night's get their Shakespearian sensitivities of gated lover's debates and even a one-way ticket to South America reveals a grandeur myth of the afterlife.

With legit-official production aided from John Critchley (The Hidden Cameras, Dan Mangan, Elliot Brood), the album evinces a studio sheen that properly captures the band's energetic performances while accommodating for their crafty arrangements. Recorded at the cozy Green Door Studios in Parkdale, the results of tracks

but also pack their own contained eloquence and melodies even in slower tracks.

With one half of the EP designed to attract with catchy guitar-pop, a track like "Boom" shows great sensibilities of studio engineering through the pairing of riff-happy guitars with snappy piano's for a great Brit-pop nod. Boasted by their jangly riffs with surprising saloon-esque piano solos replete with harmonica back-ups, it'd be criminal to hear "Boom" any other way. "Pop song" even comes irresistible with its boys-out-to-town attitude, nervy confessions, and poppy chorus, yet it's the small things like the odd feedback of guitars or Devo'y electronics which really make the track memorable.

By the second half, "I Met A Robot" almost feels out of speed but it reveals a captivating intimacy and ability to enchant with heartwarming lyrics and soft melodies. The 'Be My Baby' drumming of the track "All Lost On Me" also works effectively to chart lovelorn feelings in building up swelling melodies that ebb and flow with soulful piano parts. It's a strong sign in any case of the band's ability to keep up pace even when taking the time to reflect on the remorse of love, nostalgia and by-gone times.

Citing the Kinks, the new wave of the late-seventies, and the early-eighties pop-frenetics of XTC, Broken Bricks are unique in performing to what sounds good ahead of such citations. Recruiting a new drummer and bassist for the band, the release further signals a transitional movement with new players and a larger limelight for their reception at Lee's Palace. Working a double-CD release with 'The Shanks', the multi-bill event features 'The State of Things' and headliners 'Prince Perry & The Gladtones'. With such monumental anticipation of what may be the

"Boom" and "Pack it on up" (which were brought over from 'Pasquale'), sound full-bodied in their defined clarity. Working with Critchley for the EP was important for guiding their own musical trajectory, especially since Marlon had already found mutual associations through fellow locals 'Freeman Dre'. The opportunity to work with Critchley's extensive production experience was both fortunate and well-needed for Broken Bricks, since producer guidance and direction is a crucial asset for all growing bands.

Working a romanticist approach akin to Bryan Ferry's best, Broken Bricks are both frivolous in jumpy tracks that dole hearty glam into their heart-worn sleeves,

biggest show of the Broken Bricks history to date, the show marks the maturity of a band coming to grips with their success in Toronto. Even with a show-marked calendar, there is yet still more to be expected from B.B., seeing as I'm told a single is planned to be released sometime in late-February or March.

For more information on the band and a preview of their EP and demo LP, check them out at:

<http://www.broken-bricks.com/>

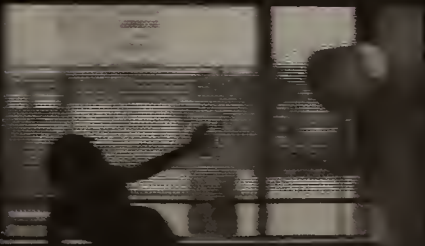


A TALE IN BLACK

\,fō-tə-'fō-bē-ə\  
(photophobia)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAURICIO M.

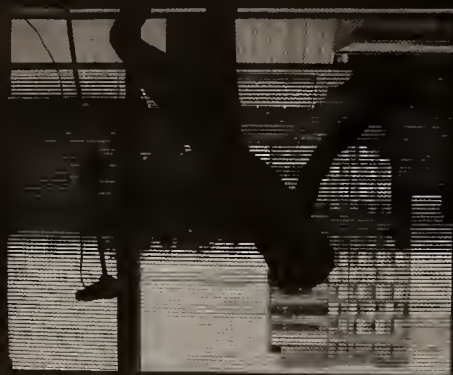












## Rick's Limbs

There once was a man from Kazoo  
Who tried to swallow a shoe.  
When it wouldn't go down  
He said with a frown,  
"Forget this, I'm sticking to stew."

There once was a man from Brazil  
Who suddenly fell very ill.  
He went to the window,  
Where the cold wind did blow  
And it blew him right off of the sill.

There once was a rather big car  
Who became a rather big star.  
When it tooted its horn,  
The people would scorn.  
All in all it was rather bizarre.



# UNDER THE SURFACE: The Real Screamo in Contemporary Music | by Nick GERGERSHA

**SCREAMO IS A TARNISHED WORD.** Its current use in popular media denotes gimmicky and hap-hazard attempts at dead fashions. Its affiliation to the new wave of pop-punk-cum-glam rock, offered plenty of air-play on MTV, is a sad and unfortunate case. The fact of the matter, the short story, or the plain and simple idea of this scenario is that what once was used to (half-jokingly) identify a more abrasive brand of a less abrasive offshoot of a harsher subgenre (confused yet?) has been thrown into the mud, its face stamped into the dirt. A distant relative of hardcore punk, screamo is a wholly different beast than what it once was. If ever implored to bring the term up in a casual setting, you will likely face disapproval and a scowling glance. But why are you disapproving? Did you throw on a Cannibal Corpse record and decide that, because you heard grunting, it was automatically something remotely associated with 'screamo'? You have it all wrong pal, and by this point if you're still reading, you have at least a partially vested interest in what I have to say.

Allow me to preface this article by announcing that there is no way I can cover a complete history of this misconstrued sound, nor do I think it humanly possible. There are too many bands in too many sects that influenced small groups of people. Therefore, I cannot claim superiority in its absolute knowledge. But really, who can? Think of this as the cathartic reification of the proper uses of 'your' and 'you're', or 'their', 'they're', and 'there'. When someone is consistently telling you, "their going to there house to watch they're movies", you want to sound out the death knell for bad grammar and give them a reality check. It's the same case here.

We start our adventure in Washington, DC. Ian MacKaye becomes disillusioned with Minor Threat, youth crews, and straight edge violence both in bands' music and also in hardcore mosh pits. In 1985, MacKaye teams up with his brother Alec's old bandmates to create Embrace. They are the first band to earn the label 'emotional hardcore', or 'emocore' because of the band's delivery and attention to both melody and a penchant for lyrics that

aren't about beating people up for drinking at a show. They break up a year later. Also in Washington, Guy Picciotto and Rites of Spring hammer out doleful tunes that are both somber and emotionally inspiring. Guy and Ian later meet and together they form the influential post-hardcore outfit Fugazi. This is where mainstream use of the term 'emo' evolves (from 'emocore', but effectively dropping most of the hardcore influence), with bands like Jawbreaker and Sunny Day Real Estate ushering a new variation of the sound. Though this sound will evolve and inspire poppier bands like Jimmy Eat World and The Promise Ring, this is not where I aim my sights.

Let's turn briefly back to the 1980s and focus on three specific artists who laid the groundwork for most contemporary screamo acts. It is only through an exploration of the innovators that we can map out the later deconstruction into a more experimental sound. More interesting, however, is that these lesser known outfits have more than likely influenced most of your favourite bands on the radio. Chances are, if you're listening to any sort of current emo-tinged rock like Fall Out Boy and Alexisonfire (their self-titled record owes a lot to Julia, Shotmaker, and Anklebiter), they've been influenced, directly or indirectly, by Moss Icon, The Hated, and Heroin. All three commingle exploratory passages, marked by quiet and loud dynamics, with aggressive and, in the case of Moss Icon, manic vocals that dissolved the status quo of hardcore punk. As an illustrative example, let's compare the notoriously inflammatory "Straight Edge Revenge" by New York youth crew Project X with Heroin's "The Obvious".

### Project X - "Straight Edge Revenge"

*I'm as straight as the line that you sniff up your nose  
I'm as hard as the booze that you swallow down your throat  
I'm as bad as the shit you breathe into your lungs  
And I'll fuck you up as fast as the pill on your tongue  
Straight edge revenge!!!*

While it isn't the only reason, many artists at this time feel the need to move away from the stand-offish nature of hardcore and its real, actual violence. They maintain the visceral sound, however, but they also add in way more dynamics. Three-chord structures break open to newer pastures, borrowing more from post-punk acts like Joy Division and The Smiths on top of their hardcore assault.

### Heroin - "The Obvious"

*We just want distraction from the reality that threatens us  
To drown out the thoughts of wasted time.  
To continue our standard of living.  
We just repeat ourselves and become cynical about it.  
It's all understandable, just look it up...*

Heroin's lyrics here are introspective and moody. Somewhat cryptically, they assess the nature of the hardcore scene and make a decidedly steep leap away from it. While each band is pummeling in their conviction alongside their respective set of lyrics, you don't need a microscope to see the differences in tone and mood. The movement away from such violence was noted especially in Washington, where it came to be known as the "Revolution Summer". If there was a big shift toward something new, whatever happened to all of these influences?

The current rendition of mainstream emo, with its American rejects and panicking in discos, are pretty wimpy in comparison. Somewhere down the line, it became more important to look the part than to act it. Boiling under the surface, however, was a movement that still boils heartily today. You just have to look at it. More on the evolution of a forgotten genre next issue, where I delve into the particularly generative Canadian scene, with artists like Union Of Uranus, Drift, and One Eyed God Prophecy.



# Les bienfaits de l'indécision | By Anna ABENHAIM

DANS LA VIE, il y a les gens qui savent prendre des décisions, et les gens qui hésitent continuellement. Il y a ceux qui choisissent, rapidement, efficacement, sans jamais revenir en arrière, et ceux qui, indécis, se questionnent sans cesse, s'inquiètent, regrettent.

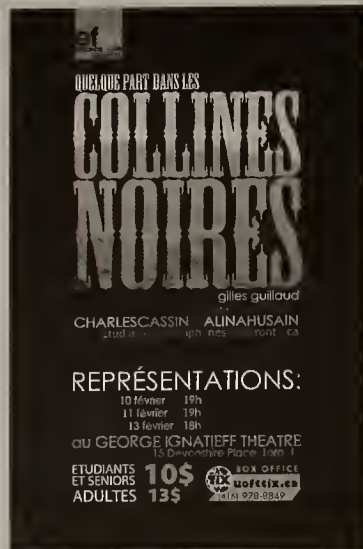
Pour certains, faire un choix est toujours quelque chose de délicat. Qu'il s'agisse d'un détail du quotidien ou d'une grande décision, cela pose toujours problème. Quelqu'un d'indécis sera toujours confronté au même type d'hésitation et de questionnement lorsqu'il aura à faire un choix. Être indécis, c'est ne pas être capable de prendre une décision et de s'y tenir. Quelqu'un d'indécis hésite avant de faire un choix, doute lorsqu'il fait un choix, et regrette souvent après avoir fait ce choix.

Malheureusement, notre société post-moderne semble nous donner toujours plus le choix, confrontant donc les indécis à toujours plus de tracas. De plus en plus flexible, globalisée, mobile, notre société de consommation offre aux individus des possibilités toujours plus étendues, tant en matière de choix de consommation que de choix de vie ou de carrière.

Les indécis se révèlent globalement peu satisfaits de leurs décisions et moins heureux en général. Parce qu'ils doutent sans arrêt, il est même prouvé qu'ils sont plus enclins à l'anxiété voire à la dépression.

Mais pourquoi alors certains savent faire des choix et d'autres pas ? Pourquoi quand les uns prennent une décision sans plus jamais revenir dessus, les autres doutent, hésitent et s'inquiètent ? Pourquoi certains abordent la prise de décision avec sérénité alors que d'autres l'abordent avec appréhension et anxiété ?

Il semble qu'il y ait une réponse possible à toutes



ces questions. En effet, le psychologue américain Barry Schwartz, dans son ouvrage *The Paradox of Choice*, fait la distinction entre les deux catégories de personnes que nous venons évoquer. Il différencie les « maximizers » des

« satisficers ».

Les premiers, que nous avons caractérisés jusqu'ici par leur indécision, sont ceux qui, en fait, lorsqu'ils ont une décision à prendre, essaient d'évaluer toutes les options afin de faire le meilleur choix possible, leur but étant de maximiser leur utilité, c'est-à-dire leur satisfaction. Le problème qui apparaît alors est lié au fait que plus il y a de choix, moins l'individu a l'impression d'avoir pris la bonne décision a posteriori. Par conséquent, plus il y a de choix, moins l'individu en question est confiant lorsqu'il s'agit de décider. Plus il y a de choix, plus cet individu est enclin à regretter et à penser aux options qu'il n'a pas choisies.

Les seconds, les « satisficers », caractérisés comme sachant prendre des décisions, évaluent quant à eux les différentes options seulement jusqu'à ce qu'ils en trouvent une qui leur convienne suffisamment. Une fois cette préférence établie, ils arrêtent de chercher. Les « satisficers » ne cherchent pas à prendre des décisions optimales, ils cherchent simplement à faire des choix qu'ils estiment satisfaisants. C'est pourquoi ils ne sont jamais confrontés au doute, à l'hésitation, et au regret une fois qu'ils ont fait un choix. Si ce choix leur convient, ils cessent immédiatement de questionner les autres alternatives auparavant possibles. Cependant et paradoxalement, les « maximizers », malgré (ou grâce) à leur doute et leur hésitation chroniques, tendent au final à prendre de meilleures décisions que les « satisficers » qui, confiants et déterminés, semblaient, à première vue, mieux progresser dans leurs vies.

A l'échelle de toute une vie alors, l'indécision pourrait-elle finalement être bénéfique ?

Peut-être.

# Black Swan (2011) | By Margaux BARALON

## « I WAS PERFECT »

C'est sur ces mots que s'achève le dernier film de Darren Aronofsky, *Black Swan*, clôturant 1h50 de recherche de perfection.

Recherche de perfection de cette danseuse étoile, Nina, complètement consumée par sa carrière, mais surtout de la danse classique elle-même. Recherche de perfection dévastatrice car condamnée à rester au stade de recherche, ou, lorsqu'elle est atteinte, nécessairement mortifère, à l'image du personnage de Beth, ancienne danseuse évincée. Les danseuses se lèvent le matin en faisant craquer des os, tourner des articulations déjà mises à contribution la veille et encore le jour d'avant. En tirant des muscles tendus à se rompre, en explorant chaque jour les limites du corps humain. Orteil qui craquent, dos musculieux, bras à la grâce confondante, mais aussi épaules saillantes, clavicules apparentes, maigres genoux. Darren Aronofsky a une manière de montrer la chair, les ns, le mouvement, de laisser glisser sa caméra sur des détails infimes, qui place le corps au centre d'un film dont l'histoire tourne pourtant principalement autour de l'esprit et de la psychologie. Ses plans sur ces pieds chaussés de pointes qui tournent au ralenti, se dressent, se posent, se redressent et se tordent jusqu'à l'extrême limite, sont indéniablement parmi les plus réussis. La danse classique n'est faite que d'équilibre précaire et d'extrême limite pour atteindre cette grâce et cette perfection.

Équilibre précaire et extrême limite du personnage principal également. Nina est le white swan, la « sweet girl » de sa mère affreusement envahissante, ancienne ballerine qui reporte sur elle toutes ses aspirations déçues. De ses peluches à sa boîte à musique en passant par ses petites culottes, Nina s'est arrêtée de grandir avant même d'avoir l'âge de mettre un verrou à sa porte. Sa mère est partout,

tout le temps, apparaissant constamment sans qu'on l'ait vue venir, semblant surgir de l'ombre des couloirs. Elle porte en elle un double paradoxe. Le premier, celui de la figure à la fois bienveillante, qui s'inquiète pour sa fille bouffée par sa passion, mais qui d'un autre côté la pousse à ces excès en lui interdisant toute distraction. Le second parce qu'elle inflige à Nina le spectacle de ses échecs passés pour la pousser à réussir tout en jalouant cette réussite qu'elle n'a jamais eue.

La mère n'a en effet jamais été, comme Nina, choisie pour être la Swan Queen du Lac des Cygnes de Tchaïkovski. Celle-ci a d'ailleurs bien failli ne pas l'être, puisque si la sweet girl n'a aucun mal à incarner le cygne blanc, le double de son personnage, le cygne noir, ne cesse de lui échapper. Comment être une redoutable séductrice, comment glisser, attirer, hypnotiser, lorsqu'on a passé sa vie à être timide, à douter, à accepter ? Le travail pour le rôle, la recherche du cygne parfait, entraîne Nina à la recherche de sa propre personne, et va la confronter à Lily, l'autre ballerine choisie pour la seconder. Lily et Nina, ou plutôt Lily versus Nina. La première incarne tout ce que la seconde n'est pas, et c'est dans ce duo que réside l'un des aspects les plus intéressants du film et de la réflexion sur la recherche de perfection. Lily est en effet tout ce que Nina n'est pas, et ce dès le début. Là où la sweet girl possède une technique parfaite mais froide, Lily bouge de manière incroyablement hypnotique mais hasardeuse et imprécise. La discipline de fer du white swan s'oppose à la légèreté de son jumeau noir, qui se pointe au milieu des séances de répétition sans prendre la peine de s'échauffer. Mais c'est au moment où, enfin, leur compétition semble prendre fin dans une alliance décisive contre l'omniprésence de Nina, que cette dernière comprend enfin. La véritable opposition réside dans l'acquis, certes solide, indéniable, et tout

à l'honneur de la sweet girl, mais néanmoins acquis, et l'innée outrageusement facile de Lily. Nina doit travailler pendant des heures et refuse de prendre une liche de gâteau tandis que Lily enrique allègrement dans un gros sandwich et peut se permettre d'écumer les boîtes de nuit de la ville. Cette réalité est perçue par Nina comme une iniquité, parce qu'elle est obsédée par des figures idéalisées (Beth et Lily), sans voir leurs faiblesses et leurs échecs. Sa propre quête passe donc par l'imitation, la mise du rouge à lèvres de Beth pour se donner du courage et de la personnalité, sans apprendre des erreurs de ses modèles (le parcours de Beth est pourtant bien tragique). C'est ce que la sweet girl perçoit comme une injustice cruelle qui la pousse dans ses derniers retranchements.

Aronofsky explore les derniers retranchements avec un savoir-faire remarquable. N'abandonnant jamais une perspective purement interne, il soigne sa plongée psychologique en construisant son film autour d'un crescendo qui ne s'essouffle pas. La première moitié de *Black Swan* est émaillée de plans angoissants, au détour d'une rame de métro. La seconde est émaillée de plans faussement rassurants avant que l'obscurité ne l'emporte définitivement. L'espace se fait plus étroit, la scène se vide, la lumière s'éteint. Le Lac des Cygnes ne se joue plus sous le feu des projecteurs mais bien en coulisses. La musique reste de Tchaïkovsky mais avec des arrangements plus sombres. Tous les personnages oscillent entre tutu blanc et tutu noir. Les petits rats se présentent, le rythme s'accélère, les costumes s'enfilent, les ellipses se font plus nombreuses, les danseuses s'échauffent, le piège se referme sur Nina, et le film s'achève sur un final grandiose et cette phrase tant attendue.

« I was perfect ».

C'est vrai, mademoiselle Portman, vous étiez parfaite.

# U of T Email Warfare | By Silas Merrymount PEPPERCORN

**YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES.** You missed class because of an urgently pressing matter: you're too hung-over/sleepy/lazy/heartbroken/stressed/sick, and you need the help of a fellow classmate. So you send out a mass email to your class asking for notes. This wouldn't be a problem if it were a class of about 40 students, but if it was a class of about, say, 1200 students, there is bound to be a few bitchy and disgruntled first years prepared to give a snarky reply. Now for a few real life examples.

At the beginning of this year, I took it open myself to take a certain social science class. Aside from the fact that it would fulfill my distribution requirement in my shitty humanities degree that has no career prospects whatsoever, I wanted to at least be able to support a semi-coherent intellectual argument about current news without nodding along with a blank expression on my face. I'll refrain from commenting on whether I've been successful at this goal. Anyways, within the first week of class we had the inevitable "I was sick, can anyone help?" emails. Let us proceed:

First email (Let's call him Greg):

"Hey guys,

*Can I get the notes off someone for today's lecture? I'm sick as a dog. I almost died in sneezing fits about 16 times. I can no longer feel my face so I thought it fit to stay home. It would be much appreciated!*

Cheers"

Apparently Greg had several nice people help him out, because he graced us with a second email a few hours later:

*"Loads of people sent me notes, and to you I extend my thanks! Too many replied for me to thank you individually so everyone will get this. For those that sent the notes... Thanks a million! For those who did not... look back on this whole situation and think to yourself, 'could I have done better?' I'm sure you could have. Much Love, Greg"*

Aside from losing feeling in his face, Greg also found it necessary to leave us with his words of wisdom. Which subsequently unleashed the fury of several caffeine-fueled students who took it upon themselves to flood our inboxes with some interesting replies. I'll entertain you with a few examples:

"Greg's right, guys - we can do better:

*From now on we have to pull together. We will all meet after every class to compare notes and compile a master set of only the best points, which we will then present to Greg. This will ensure that Greg is always up to date with course material.*

*Regarding essays, we will form a group of the top five students who will collaborate on Greg's essays and submit them on his behalf. This is to be done before we start work on our own essays and we must ensure that we do not repeat any sources or material, lest suspicions of plagiarism fall upon Greg.*

*We will convene after next week's lecture to find a Greg look-alike, who will borrow Greg's T-Card and write the exams in his stead. You will, of course, forgo writing your own exam and receive a mark of zero, but that is part of the sacrifice that we must make for Greg.*

*Further, we will institute a rotating hunch schedule wherein each day (including weekends) one of us prepares and brings lunch for Greg. Learn the list of foods Greg does not like to ensure that you do not end up wasting his time. Be sure to include dessert, as Greg enjoys this as part of a complete meal.*

*I have surveyed the class and have noted that there are several burly individuals in it. You are responsible for carrying Greg between classes and to his house/residence. Should it be raining, an additional person will be required to carry an umbrella to make sure that Greg does not get wet.*

*Finally, we will need two palm-wavers and one grape-dropper.*

*I'm sure if we all work together, we can do what it takes to get Greg through this course.*

Love, Rob"

Oh my. Hold my brain; be still my beating heart! I'll call him Rob to ensure the safety of this wonderfully delightful creature (sigh).

Now, the writer of this last email really likes dogs.

"Dear Greg, Rob and the other 1197 students subject to this ridiculousness,

*I am absolutely appalled. How could you even suggest that Greg have to walk to class using his own two legs when he is so gravely ill. Surely four of these burly men would be willing to pull a hand crafted chariot fit for Apollo himself.*

*Furthermore, and on a more serious note, I am appalled by the fact that both Rob and Greg felt the need to bother 1199 students with their ridiculous antics, my inbox quite full enough without them, thank you. (And yes, I am quite aware that I am doing the very same thing in order to prove a point).*

*Might I suggest Greg, that next time, you should attend lectures (especially being that it was the very first one - and therefore quite important) or if you really were "sick like a dog" (awful expression if you ask me because dogs are no longer linked with all things nupkasaut and undesirable like they were when it was coined) to simply ask the three or four students who sit in your vicinity when you decide to finally grace us with your pretense.*

*I sadly, do not reciprocate your love, but do express some sort of feeling of parting as I will likely never know the majority of you.*

Sincerely,

Ursula/Olga/ [insert ugly name here]"

She then sent us three more emails. Because she clearly didn't want to fill our inboxes with any more ridiculous antics or anything.

Alas, this is where this story comes to an end. Help out and send fellow classmates your notes once in a while, and hope they be gracious about it. I'd like to think U of T kids are usually a friendly bunch, and who knows, a nice gesture never hurt anyone. Farewell, I'm off Shabop Shalom-ing it with Devendra Banhart.



## Managing Debt | *By UT SIFE*

THE DAUNTING MONTH OF JUNE IS QUICKLY APPROACHING and now you realize all the loans, including OSAR, will have to be repaid. So what is the best way to ensure that you are controlling your debt now so you will not be managing it twenty years into the future?

The first thing you should do is prepare a budget, which will allow you to map out all your variable and fixed expenses, shopping and loans. This will help you live within your means and avoid unnecessary debt, such as credit card debt. By creating a budget, you can take control of your finances by making adjustments to what you spend. Additionally, it gives you an idea of where money is most constricted and where better decisions can be made regarding your finances. For example you can decide whether you need a part time job for extra cash flows or whether there is a better way to cut your costs, such as eating out less. Finally, understand your options. If you have a mix of debts, such as credit cards and student loans, see which debt has the higher interest rate and pay it down faster. When paying down your fixed debt, never pay just the minimum payment option you have. Plainly speaking, you are paying interest on the interest that you are racking up by not actually paying down the principal. This is an easy trap that catches most people, including students.

Remember, the simplest key to debt management is to ensure that the monetary inflow you have is larger than your monetary outflow. Getting a job is one of the easiest ways to ensure that you always will have access to a steady stream of income. Even if the job is one day a week, you know that you can earn some extra money to put away for the future while still having pocket money to spend. Minimize your costs by avoiding common spending traps that we students tend to fall into. This would include parties, shopping and eating out frequently. Without these extra expenses, you could save at least \$50-\$100 dollars a month, which accumulates quickly.

If you are working part-time or have some money left over from your loans, the best thing you can do is start saving it right away. This money can easily be put into a Tax-Free Savings Account (TFSA), which earns non-taxable income on savings up to \$5000.00. That interest will grow and help you pay down your debt at a later date. The TFSA is one way of the many ways of saving your money, but talk to your financial institutions about all of the options available to you. Try out these tips and tricks and you may find that you save some money and manage that huge four letter word that we call DEBT.

## INNIS COLLEGE NEWS: News and Staff Changes in the Office of the Registrar

AT THE START OF THIS NEW YEAR, Innis College welcomes Ryan Woolfrey. Ryan joins the Registrar's Office filling the position of Associate Registrar Administrative vacated by Thomas MacKay, who is seconded to the position of Associate Registrar Academic for the next year.

Ryan joined Innis College Office of the Registrar on January 10, 2011. Ryan completed his undergraduate studies at the University of Prince Edward Island, where he also gained experience as an academic advisor to prospective students, first-year students, and students on international exchange. Ryan received a Master of Arts degree from York University before coming to work as a Research Funding Administrator in the Office of the Vice-President (Research) here at U of T and then as Executive Assistant to the Chief Operating Officer for the Rotman School of Management. Ryan can be reached at 416 978-4143 and [ryan.woolfrey@utoronto.ca](mailto:ryan.woolfrey@utoronto.ca)

The Associate Registrar Academic position marks the third Associate Registrar position that Thomas MacKay has held in the office. Tom's ever-growing familiarity with all registrarial aspects and his commitment to helping students make him both an adept advisor and an even more valued member of the Registrar's Office.

Tom's new telephone number is 416 978-2845 and he can still be reached at [thomas.mackay@utoronto.ca](mailto:thomas.mackay@utoronto.ca)

The Innis Registrar's Office and Innis College community congratulates Tom and welcomes Ryan and assures them both the utmost support as they take on critical roles in our office and the College.



## OSCAR NIGHT AT INNIS TOWN HALL!

COME JOIN US FOR SOME  
FREE POPCORN AND PRIZES!

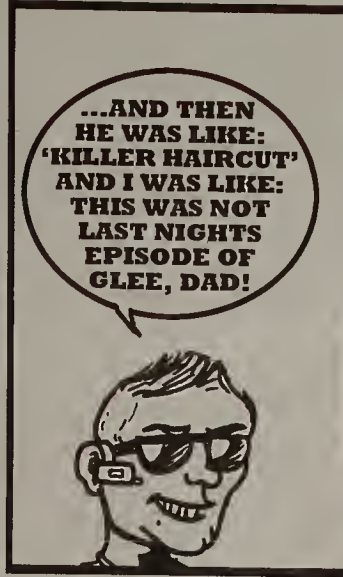
FEB. 27, 2011  
7:00 PM TO 11:00 PM  
INNIS TOWN HALL  
2 SUSSEX AVENUE



'MO - HAWK'



'FAUX - HAWK'



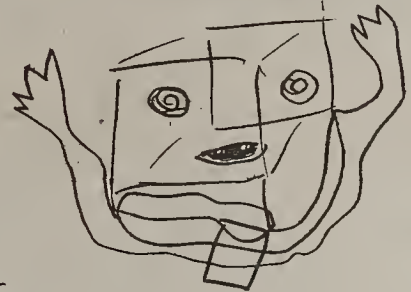
'HAWK - HAWK'



PIERCE  
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CUBIST  
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